

THE SPIRIT

by **WILL FISHER**

LIKE AN AVENGING PHANTOM, **THE SPIRIT**, WHO IS REALLY DENNY COLT, LONG BELIEVED DEAD, WAGES A SILENT WAR ON THE ENEMIES OF SOCIETY. . . . ALONE, UNHAMPERED BY ANY REGULATIONS, HE CARRIES THE FIGHT TO THE VERY LAIR OF THE ENEMY.

HIGH OVER THE ATLANTIC A SHINING ARMY BOMBER ROARS THROUGH THE CLOUD BANKS THAT SHIFT LUMBEROUSLY BEFORE A QUIET WESTERLY WIND....



IN THE COCKPIT A PUZZLED PILOT POURS HIS HEART OUT TO HIS GLUM NAVIGATOR.....

STRANGEST ASSIGNMENT I EVER GOT... TAKIN' SOME MYSTERIOUS LOOKIN' CIVILIAN FOR AN AIRPLANE RIDE!!

MAYBE HE'S A BRASS HAT LOOKIN' OVER DEFENSES..



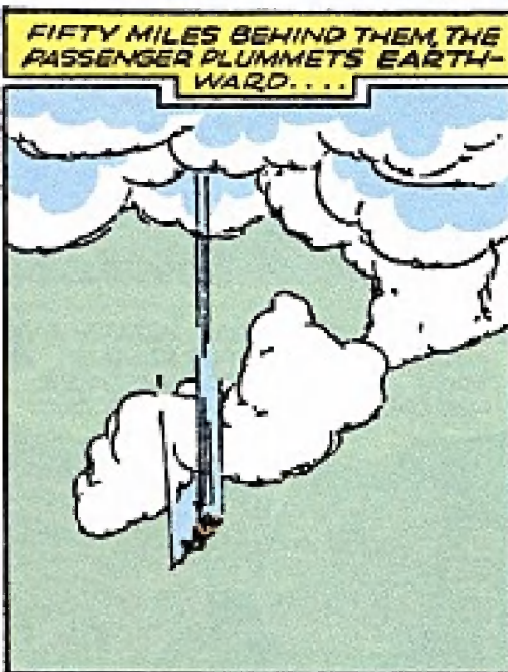
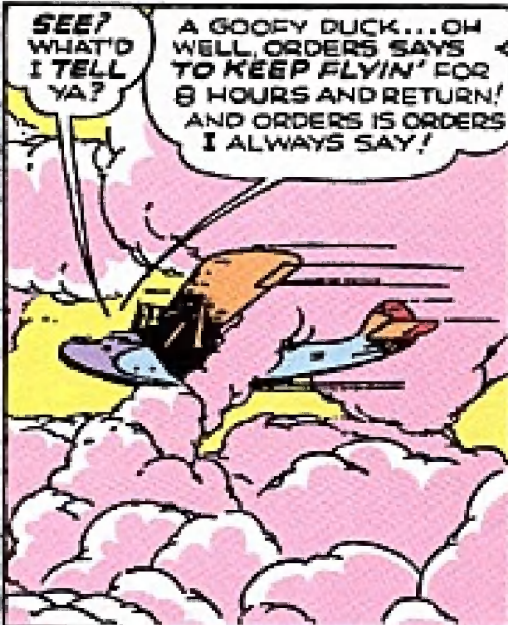
I DON'T THINK SO... WEARS A MASK UNDER HIS FLYING TOGS... KEEPS PORIN' OVER HIS CHARTS AND ASKING OUR ALTITUDE...



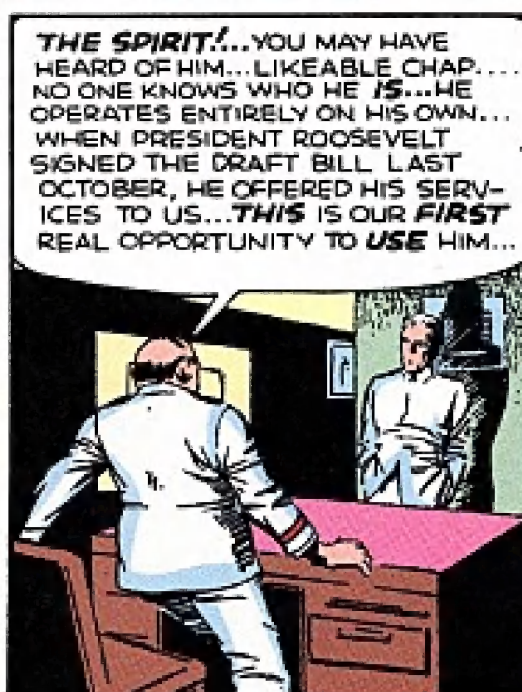
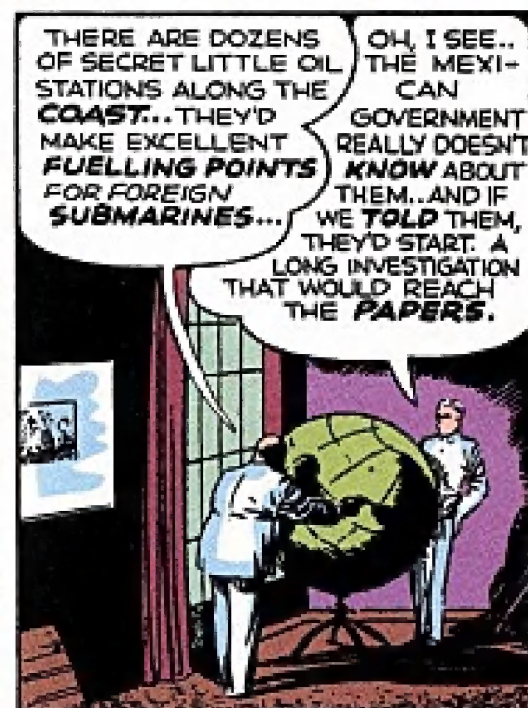
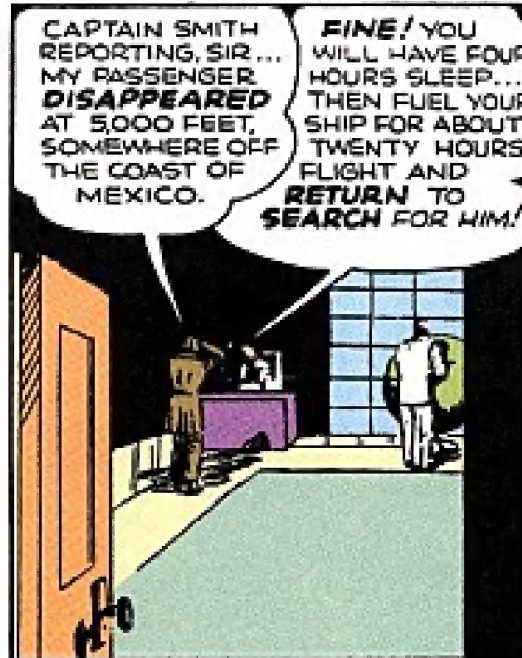
WHAT IS OUR ALTITUDE NOW, PILOT?

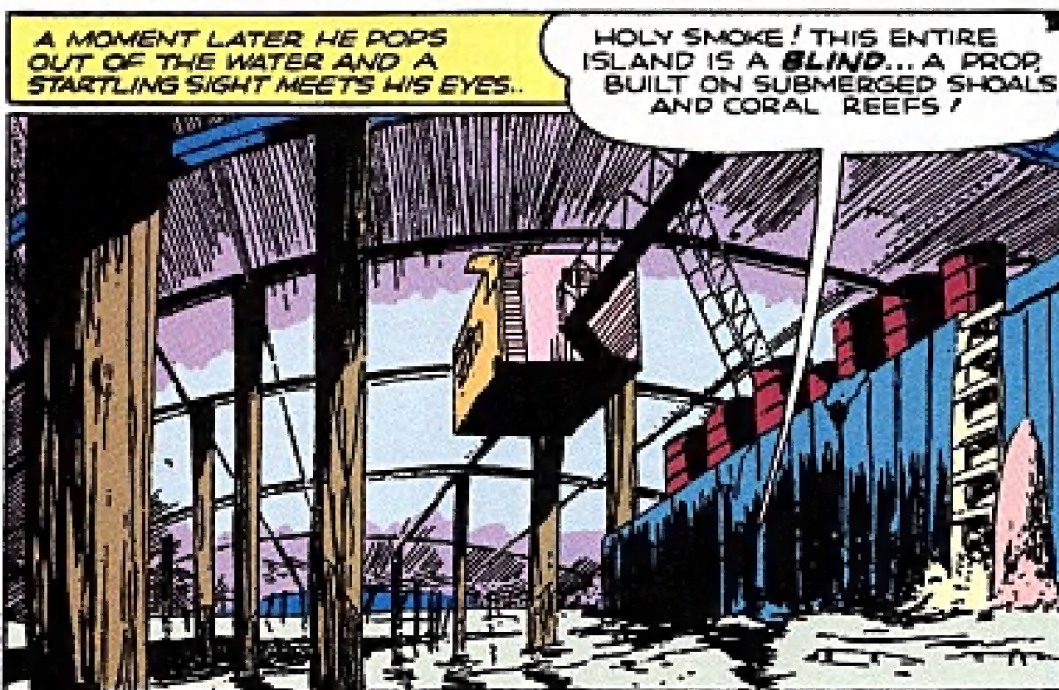
5,000, SIR... WIND, 3 MILES PER HOUR...





AT ITS BASE THE BOMBER
THUNDERS TO A LANDING....





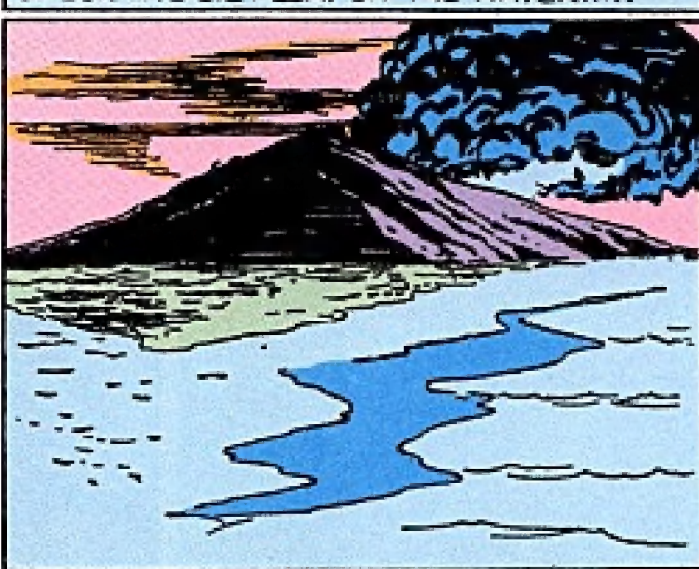
WITH AN IMPROVISED FIRE-BOW, THE SPIRIT BUILDS A BRIGHT BLAZE



USING LONG POWERFUL STROKES, THE SPIRIT SWIMS OUT OF RANGE....



A SUDDEN RUMBLE... AND THE ENTIRE FAKE ISLAND BURSTS INTO FLAME...GIANT POOLS OF BURNING OIL FLOAT ON THE WATER.....



A WALL OF FIRE SURROUNDS THE ISLAND AS FRANTIC MEN SEEK IN VAIN TO LAUNCH SMALL BOATS.



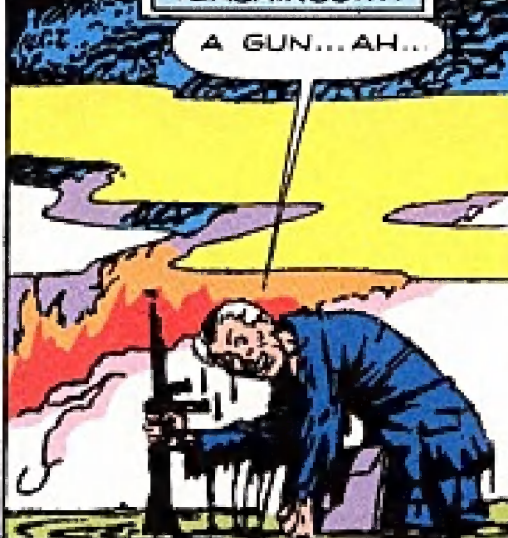
ON ONE SIDE OF THE ISLAND, NOT YET REACHED BY THE FLOATING FLAMES, A MAD MOB TRIES TO BOARD A TINY SAILBOAT... IN THE STRUGGLE THEY KEEP EACH OTHER FROM GETTING ABOARD.....



IN THE CENTER OF THE MILLING MASS, FORGOTTEN BY HIS FRANTIC COMRADES, THE LEADER SCREAMS IN TERROR....



SUDDENLY THE LEADER'S TEACHINGS COME TO HIS MIND..MIGHT IS RIGHT... YES.. HE WAS A FOOL NOT TO FOLLOW HIS OWN TEACHINGS....



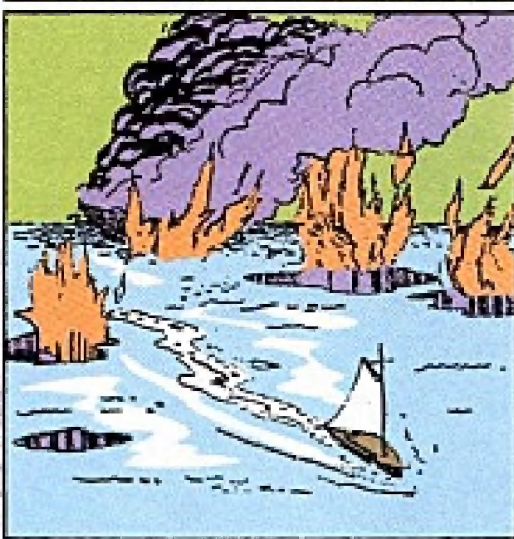
FROM BEHIND COMES NARGOFF WITH A SUB-MACHINE GUN, MOWING DOWN HIS MEN....HE SOON REACHES THE BOAT AND CLIMBS ABOARD....



CAST OFF, MAX...CAST OFF!! THE ISLAND IS GOING UNDER!! @!!\$!@!! KEEP OFF, YOU DOGS!



MIRACULOUSLY THE SLOOP CLEARS THE ISLAND JUST AS IT SINKS INTO THE SEA, AMID GREAT HISSING COLUMNS OF STEAM....



WHEW... WE MADE IT!! ALL UP THEM WENT DOWN!



YOU'LL HAVE TO BE STRONG! THERE'S ONLY ENOUGH WATER FOR A DAY!



OH...I WAS WAITING IN THIS BOAT FOR YOU TO GET ABOARD...I KNEW YOU'D GET ON IN SOME WAY... THERE...I'LL TAKE YOUR PAPERS.... THANK YOU!



YES... ONE FOR EACH OF US! I'LL STAY UP HERE FOR THE REST OF THE VOYAGE... JUST SO I WON'T BE MURDERED IN MY SLEEP!



HMM...NOW, LET'S SEE JUST THE THINGS I WANTED... PLANS FOR INVASION, FUEL DEPOTS, LISTS OF FIFTH COLUMNISTS AND YOUR BOOK...THE NEW ORDER... I THINK I'LL READ THROUGH IT.



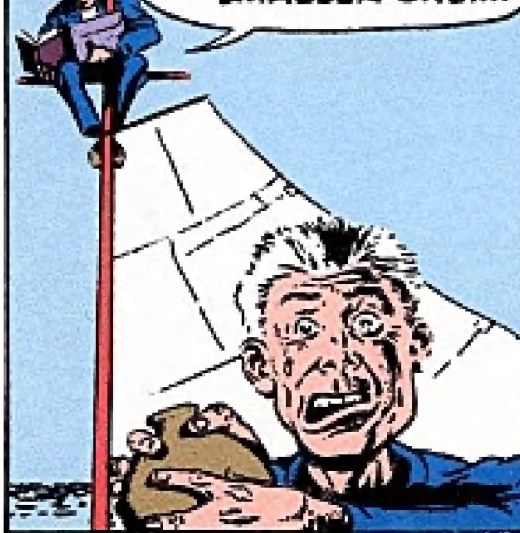
...HOURS PASS.. THE SALT AIR AND MERCILESS SUN BRING MADDENING THIRST..MAX GULPS DOWN THE LAST OF HIS SHARE..



GIF ME YOURS !!



IT IS SO!!... ACCORDING TO YOUR OWN BOOK... IT SAYS... WHEN A COUNTRY WANTS MORE LAND, IT HAS THE RIGHT TO TAKE IT FROM A SMALLER ONE....



ON THE HOT DECK THE MEN LOCK IN MORTAL COMBAT.

NO..NO! IT'S MINE.. MINE! YAAAAA



